

The Orangeburg News.

FIRST OUR HOMES; THEN OUR STATE; FINALLY THE NATION; THESE CONSTITUTE OUR COUNTRY.

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april 4

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dec 28

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nov 7

POETRY.

Tears.

BY ELEANOR L. HERVEY.

Would some kind angel give me tears—
It seems a little thing,
A child's first need—I would not ask
The gems that crown a king.

The glad peace bringers after storm
Are drops the sun smiles through;
The healer of the parching rose
Is but a bead of dew.

Yet what am I, an atom sole
In heaven's creative plan,
That I should ask the tenderest gift
God ever gave to man.

ORIGINAL STORY.

"T'WAS A SAD FATE."

BY
DAISY DALE.

"Full many a stoic eye, and aspect stern,
Mask hearts, where grief has little left to learn;
And many a withering thought lies hid,—not lost,
In smiles that least best, who wear them most."

These words came vividly to the mind, when one sees, and knows Horace Barker. The lines about the mouth, denote sorrow, the constant attitude of reflection, shows perturbation; and while his fine eye is occasionally, lit with vivacity or emotion, the habitual expression of his handsome face, is abstraction or care. A man of wealth, he lives at Louisville—that miniature western world, where talent and affluence have the highest social value, and where Mr. Barker could demand any public office.

A pretty and pleasant little woman sits at home, ready to be entertained, or to talk, just as circumstances direct: yet she, too, has a subdued look. You do not wonder; for sympathy—that spoken sunshine,—is it not resistless? She is his other self, and the cord of unity, which binds us soul to soul, is reflected from her pole-star, to her holiest nature. She feels,—thy joy,—thy sorrow,—thy hope,—thy prayer is mine.

"How oft the laughing brow of joy,
A sickening heart conceals."

Their home, has been several times gladdened by the voice of helpless infancy; yet as often have they mourned their early dead, feeling the while, that a parent's tie was only torturous, since, so often, death seemed envious of their parental blessings. One little boy of four months had been left to their fostering care; and in the guileless joy of his hazel eyes, the mother gleaned hope and content.

"But why call him Marion, husband? You have so many actual friends, who would like to name the child. It is so effeminate; I wish you were less determined." He left the room but still the mother pondered. "Will I never win his confidence?—Are all men thus constantly abstracted, and immersed in business? He is not mercenary, why should that dull reserve thus daily veil his thoughts and interests from his faithful wife? Yet, ask him, I will never! His devoted attachment and his ardent propositions won me from my widowed father; yet before a year has passed, this woody sorrow seemed to hover over my once fond husband; and now—each act of kindness,—'tis a duty. I see—I know it. Still he loves me some,—and I ought to be happy. Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thoughts;" In future days he'll live to learn, proud hearts can love the strongest."

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Six years ago, Horace Barker lived near Princeton. In his father's position and wealth secured to him the advantages of education and society. He went to Yale; and, after several sessions of unwaried application, he returned with every token of successful scholarship. It even marked his manners, for he was a quiet and demonstrative in a social circle. "Volens volens," soon found himself, in a matrimonial, a martyr to the tender passion—love.

Marion Holcombe was the daughter of a gifted man. He had been long on foreign embassy, and his "little fairy"—as he termed the singing child,—was ever with its mother. Yet just as the little creature reached her teens, Mrs. H. died suddenly of pneumonia; and she was left with her grandmother, to weep—and wait—and watch for papa. He did return, gave up his appointment, and cherished the dear little woman, sole reminder of his beloved spouse.

Months fled, and as Marion matured into womanhood, the young lady with unaffected frankness, and confiding manner, seemed fitted

only for the atmosphere of a living home, and kindred hearts.

"Led by shapely divine,
She pleased, yet never tried to shine."
"Like the bright bark sprung from the glittering dew,
An angel,—yet, a very woman too."

And Horace loved Marion fervently. He thought her presence so essential to his future happiness, that all probation, or labor would find indemnity, when she finally became his bride. Nor did Mr. H. disapprove. The manly earnest tone of one, whom he had known from boyhood, won from the fond father a promise, that, until Horace was able to support a wife, Marion might wait for him. Louisville seemed the El Dorado, then; and, hoping to find there the open sesame to wanted competence, he left Princetown.

"Parting is pain"—so says the song; and so added our hero, while he lingered at twilight, near the loving girl, to whom his earliest vows were given,—for whom he admitted unrivalled affection. "The hope of return takes the sting from adieu,"—so said Marion in her quiet way, and "Horace, I will wait for you." He, meanwhile, vehement by nature, declared that only a cruel fate awarded him the present disability: he raved at his own assurance in venturing to win such a peerless woman—but he would conquer; he would trample each obstacle, and come back to her in two years, a richer and a readier suitor.

"So I'll dream on, ever fondly,
Happy dreams of hope and love;
For I know we'll meet, my darling,
In this world, or that above."

The scenes are changed. A year subsequently, Mr. Holcombe, yet in the prime of life, visits Raleigh; and by letters of introduction, finds among his acquaintances, an attractive and accomplished lady, the daughter of a clergyman, whom he decides, if possible, to marry. Thereon he writes to Marion,—tells his child of all the hopes he cherishes, all the plans he forms! He reminds her too, of her need of a mother-friend, whom she would ever find, in so admirable a woman. He asks her affection for his intended wife, assuring her that the happiness of his child has had its influence, in this second alliance. Her letter in reply, indicated perfect compliance with his wishes; but there was a tone of reserve, so unusual in his confiding daughter, that he was unable to solve the cause.

After his marriage, Mrs. H. who was a woman of considerable penetration, was told of Marion's previous inclinations and manner. She confidently affirmed that her generous love and attention would soon overcome the jealousy of the child; she knew that love like hers would conquer.

It was July, when the summer calms suggested, that a cooler spot was elsewhere "neath the sky; and Mr. H. and his southern wife repaired to their future home at Princetown. On their arrival, Marion met them with affectionate courtesy; and the new mother, with singular tact and kindness, soon entered into the anticipations and interests of the daughter, who told of her engagement, and spoke with loving trust of her far off Horace. A few months ago a letter had come, begging her to be ready for their nuptials in the fall; and with woman's usual pride, the busy fingers fashioned her a full and handsome wardrobe. Naught is needed now, to satisfy the most punctilious eye, save pretty goods of gossamer hue, that some will see but once,—the bridal robe. And mother Ellen fixed and fashioned many a tasty notion, for her new-formed friend.

Several moons have waxed and waned, since Horace wrote, "I am having a pleasant time here; but will come for you, if possible, in the fall. Be ready in September." 'Tis strange how wearily time goes by, when Hope grows faint with waiting. The guest-room, weeks ago, was trimmed; the flowers are fixed and freshened. The lovely robes and bright adornments of an only child are all prepared, and every garment marked indelibly.

"Let no one fondly dream again
That hope with all her shadowy train
Will not decay;
Fleeting as were the dreams of old
Remembered like a tale that's told,
They pass away."

And months, I said, have passed since Horace wrote; and now the voice of "busy gossips" speculate. Yes: one "thought it would be so." Another "feared he had never intended to come." Evil is done by want of thought, as well as want of feeling, of heart. All,—and more,—reached Marion's ears, causing her to suspect the truth. A paper from Kentucky, came mysteriously to hand. It announced the marriage of Horace Barker with Sue Lipcomb.

"If hope had deferred cause the sickness of heart,
What sorrow to see it forever depart!"

Shall I carry you to Marion's chamber, where the mute walls alone bore witness to her frenzy? Love,—trust,—pride,—hope,—all

writhing in the anguish of the vanquished. Shall I tell you of her still strong love,

"Unchangeable, unchanged,
Felt for but one, from whom it never ranged."
Home hearts offered kindred sympathy. They too, sheerly from pique, could weep, because she grieved.
"Behold! we live through all things,—famine, thirst, bereavement, pain; all grief and misery; All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst. On soul and body;—but we cannot die. Though we be sick and tired and faint and worn: Lo! all things can be borne."

A week elapsed; and Marion had not left her room. Several times, when grief's wild waves were dashing o'er her heart, she had refused all friends. Not even father's voice was heard amidst this wilder storm.

But, suddenly, a calm and gentle tone was well assumed. Marion came out, and bowed with the family. Her father kissed her brow, and thanked her for her fortitude and heroism. He drew her to his heart, and said: "Child, for thy loved mother's sake, look up and again be glad."

The evening came, when, equipped for a walk, she bade good bye; but soon returned to tea, and retired early. They bade her rest well, and try to be with them at the breakfast hour. She smiled faintly,—returned, and kissed them, each!!

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart;
'Tis woman's whole existence."
"Alas the love of woman, it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing!"

The morning bell rang vainly; she came not at its call. "She sleeps," said Mrs. H. "I'll wake her." The door was barred; nor knock, nor voice provoked a sound. The lock was forced; and, pale and frosted o'er by death, lay that lone, lovely girl. The light of life discolored, Death, the reliever of our mortal throes, had snapped that thread, and left her blighted spirit at the Eternity gateway, pleading for some mercy from her God.

Ah, she was weary of wishing,
For a form that lost to her here;
For a voice, that was changed now, forever,
And a breast that seemed noble and fair.

Tired of living, so weary,
Longing to lie down and die,
To find rest,—oh! sad heart and dreary,—
The end of the pilgrimage night.

The druggist affirmed, that a lady had asked for an eraser of indelible ink. He had sold her "oxalic acid," and marked it, "Poison." She,—the woman scorned,—had not courage to bear the bitter pang, and to meet the added scolds of a censorious world. Come, Charity, and draw thy loving mantle o'er the dead. God knows, she suffered; and may the blood of a pure Savior atone for all her errors. We love her memory yet; and hope she is forgiven."

Still Horace Barker lives; but is there any joy for one, whose bosom is the seat of grim Remorse? Ask your own heart, with all its hidden faults,—Shall we award that sad man hate, or pity?—Oh! memory, blessing or curse of the soul, bliss or bane of our existence.

"For him who does life's dull desert hold
No foot of idle,—no date grove fair,—
No gush of waters clear and cold;—
But sandy reaches wide and bare.
The foot may fall, the soul may faint,
And weigh to earth the weary frame,
Yet still he make no weak complaint,
And speak no word of grief or blame."
"There is a grief the heart must bear;
Nor eye, nor pen, nor friend may sympathize,
Its home is in the soul."

VARIOUS.

The Fortune Tellers Almanac.

To dream of a mill stone about your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife.

It is very lucky to dream that you pay for a thing twice, as afterwards you will probably take care to have your bills rectified.

For a person who is in embarrassed circumstances to dream that he has been arrested is very fortunate; for it will be a warning to him not to account to accept a bill.

To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed.

To dream that your nose is red to the tip, is an intimation that you had better leave brandy for water.

To dream of a bear betokens mischief, which your vision shows you is a bruin.

When a fashionable young lady dreams of a filbert it is pretty sure sign that her thoughts are running on the Colonel.

If you dream of clothes it is a warning not to go to law, for by the rule of contraries you will be sure of a non-suit.

When a young lady dreams of a coffin, it betokens that she should instantly discontinue tight stays, and always go warily clad in wet weather.

The use of grapeshot has been abolished in the British army.

Advertising Aphorisms.

If you don't mean to mind your business, it will not pay to advertise.

Bread is the staff of human life, and advertising is the staff of life in trade.

Don't attempt to advertise unless you have a good stock of a meritorious article.

Newspaper advertisements are good of their kind, but they cannot take the place of circulars and handbills.

Handbills and circulars are good of their kind, but they cannot take the place of newspaper advertisements.

No bell can ring so loudly as a good advertisement. People will believe what they see rather than what they hear.

Banner, for several successive years, invested in advertising all the profits of the preceding year. Now see where he is!

Quitting advertising in dull times is like tearing out a dam because the water is low. Either plan will prevent good times from ever coming.

If you would add to your business, put your "ad" into our list.—*Inside Track.*

SAYINGS FROM MADAME SWETCHINE.—We are always looking into the future, but we see only the past.

The courage with which we have met past dangers is often our best security in the present.

Real sorrow is almost as difficult to discover as real poverty. An instinctive delicacy hides the rays of the one and the wounds of the other.

He who has never denied himself for the sake of giving has but glanced at the joys of charity. We owe our superfluity, and to be happy in the performance of our duty we must exceed it.

Let us ever exceed our appointed duties, and keep within our lawful pleasures.

We expect everything, and we are prepared for nothing.

There are not good things enough in life to indemnify us for the neglect of a single duty.

We are rich only through what we give, and poor only through what we refuse.

There is a transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

The inventory of my faith for this lower world is soon made out. I believe in Him who made it.

Situations are like skeins of thread. To make the most of them we need only to take them by the right end.

We deceive ourselves when we fancy that only weakness needs support. Strength needs it far more. A straw or a feather sustains itself long in the air.

Liberty has no actual rights which are not grateful upon justice. Her principal duty is to defend it.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.—A fruit tree that keeps away pilferers by its own bark.

Gas that would go out at night and come in again in the morning.

A saucepan that will boil over with rage when the cook is insulted.

A clock that is so conceited as not to run down its own works.

Some bristles from the last brush with the Reds.

Some sand from Time's hour-glass.

The iron from the plane of the elliptic.

Some tenpenny nails made from fragments of the Iron Duke.

A finger-post from the Road to Ruin.

The cap of a climax.

The musket and powderhorn of a shooting star.

HUMOROUS.

"In my time, Miss," said a stern aunt, "the men looked at the women's faces, instead of their ankles."

"Ah, but my dear aunt," retorted the young lady, "you see the world has improved, and is more civilized than it used to be. It looks more to the understanding."

An Irishman stopped at a hotel, and at night was in bed with a darkey. In the night some boys blackened his face. Just before day the stage was announced, and Pat jumped up in haste and made for the vehicle. On arriving at the point where they were to breakfast he entered the house, and looking into a glass he exclaimed in astonishment: Be jabbers, they've brought the nigger along and left me fifteen miles behind.

DESPONDENT YOUTH.—A bright little boy was asked by a lady if he studied hard at school. He replied that he did not hurt himself much at it. "Oh," said the lady, "you must study hard or you will never be President of the United States." "Yes, ma'am," he replied, "but I don't expect to; be I am a Democrat."

CONTEMPTE.—A very well dressed individual, rejoicing in the appellation of James Townsend, appeared in the dock of the Recorder's Court. His hair was uncombed, and hung in elf locks down his face; the face itself was haggard, and still retained impressions of a night of dissipation.

"You are accused of being drunk," said the clerk.

"I am so informed, sir," responded the culprit.

"I shall have to find you," said the Judge.

"I presume so," was the reply.

"Where did you get drunk?" asked the Judge.

"At the same place your Honor did," said the culprit.

"What, sir?"

"Even so. But I attributed your Honor's being in that condition, to the bad quality of whiskey. I wish your Honor would make the same excuse for me."

It is needless to say the explanation was satisfactory, and the victim of bad whiskey was suffered to go on his way rejoicing.

PUNOENT.—"Did you ever hear the story of the Irishman and the horse-radish?"

"No; how was it?"

"Well, seeing a dish of grated horse-radish on the table where they had stopped for dinner, each helped himself largely to the 'raice,' supposing it to be eaten as potato or squash; and the first, putting a knife-ful into his mouth, jerked his handkerchief from his trousers and commenced wiping his eyes."

"What troubles yer, Jemmy?" inquired this comrade.

"Sure, and I was thinkin' of my poor old father's death when he was hung," the replied shrewdly.

Presently the other, taking as greedily of the pungent vegetable, had as sudden a start for the handkerchief, whereat Jemmy, as coolly inquired;

"And what troubles yer, Pat?"

"Troth," he replied, "that you was not hung with yer father."

THE DOCTOR AND THE SEXTON.—A good story is told of a doctor in Beverly, who was somewhat of a wag. He met one day in the street the sexton, with whom he was acquainted. As the usual salutations were passed, the doctor happened to cough.

"Why, doctor," said the sexton, "you have got a cold; how long have you had that?"

"Look here, Mr.—," said the doctor, with a show of indignation, "what is your charge for interments?"

"Nine shillings," was the reply.

"Well, continued the doctor, 'just come into my office, and I will pay it. I don't want to have you round, and so anxious about my health.'

The sexton was soon even with him, however. Turning around to the doctor, he replied:

"Ah, doctor, I cannot afford to bury you yet. Business has never been so good as it has since you began to practice."

Since the above conversation neither party has ventured to joke at the expense of the other.

RIP VAN WINKLE SLEEP.—A man called into the establishment of a joking druggist, and overcome by the sultry weather, sat down in a chair and was soon enjoying a sound slumber. Observing that the sleeper had in a fine new hat the druggist gently removed it, substituting in its place an old one, with a sadly dilapidated and rusty crown. The drowsy citizen at last awoke and after a few "yawns" felt of the hat which was rather a tight fit. Removing it from his head and taking a long steady gaze at the battered felt, he turned to the druggist and inquired:

"Did I sleep a long time?"

"Yes," replied the joker,